

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 15, 1898.

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478 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Edison Incandescent Lamps, plain frosted and colored, from 8 to 150 candle power. Edison Night Lamps for bed chambers, halls and closets. By simply turning a milled screw the lamp is changed from 16 to less than 1 c. p. Price, 75 cents.

Incandescent-Electric Light Wiring.

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Telephones installed in buildings of every description.



Perham's Pharmacy

H. A. Perham, Reg. Phar., P. O. Bldg. Arlington.

A WEEK A WHEEL.

OR THREE "ICE CARTS" THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

This is a true story, being an account of the adventures and misadventures, more of the last than the first, which we fell three Arlington young men in a bicycle tour through the mountains of New Hampshire last summer. These three young men we will call the Farmer, the Student and the Writer of this article. Probably their friends will recognize them as well under these names as any, but for the benefit of strangers it may also be observed that the Farmer resides near the Foot-of-the-Rocks, the Student just over the Winchester line, and the Writer near the centre of the town.

It was a happy thought of the Farmer's and the Writer's, both of whom had been discussing plans for a vacation, "Why not take a bicycle trip through Maine and end up at Boothbay?" said one, and the other fell in with the plan enthusiastically. But there were difficulties. All friends consulted declared that the Maine roads were among the worst known. Now none of the wheels to be used by members of the expedition were exactly new. In fact each member knew, through personal experience, how hard it was to preserve an air of unconsciousness and dignity as he pedaled through neighboring towns, and heard calls of "ice," and was implored "to leave a ten cent piece" by small boys. Therefore the question of roads was an important one.

Finally a consultation was held, and it was decided that a trip through the Crawford and Franconia Notches would provide a week's enjoyment and give the riders a good chance to see a part of the country new to all of them. There was surely no chance for the expedition to come to grief for lack of preparation. A schedule of distances was drawn up, and a certain town designated as a stopping place each night; (only we usually got there the next day). The commissary department alone was overlooked, it being understood that the expedition would forage on the country.

One of the members of the party had an uncle living near Dover, N. H., who kindly invited us to make his house our stopping place, and we shaped our course so as to reach there the first night. Orders had been given to be ready to start at four in the morning sharp, and it was reported that the Student crawled out of bed about one and got under way, a previous experience having taught him how easy it was to oversleep. A slight shower delayed the start a little, but about five o'clock the advance guard passed the town clock in the centre, and struck out for the boulevard to Winchester. Each member was arrayed in heavy marching order, with coat and sweater fastened to the handle bars, a good sized canvas bag, fitted to the frame of the wheel, strapped securely in place, and boxes of luncheon attached wherever there happened to be room. At first the bags seemed awkward and in the way, especially as they bulged more or less in the middle owing to hasty and masculine packing. But the Farmer discovered that by a vigorous application of the heels these bulges could be smoothed, and peace and happiness again reigned supreme.

Our route led us through Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield and Reading, all more or less familiar to local riders, to the beautiful towns of Andover and North Andover; through these, pausing only to inquire our way into Bradford and Haverhill where we stopped for breakfast. Now the Student was ambitious and wanted to say that he had ridden to Dover, a distance of seventy-two miles without getting off of his wheel, thus like a famous Union general, his motto was "My head-quarters are in the saddle" and he enjoyed his breakfast balancing himself with the aid of a friendly stone, stooping so as to almost dislocate his back whenever he wanted anything out of his lunch box. No hill was long enough or steep enough to force him to dismount, and when the Writer, with the sweat of honest toil upon his brow appeared at the top pushing his mount, it was to be greeted with some cutting remarks about the advantages which light weights possessed over heavy ones.

From Haverhill we pushed on to Exeter, N. H., and then to Dover, which we reached in the early afternoon. After stopping here for dinner, we rode out to the farm where we were to pass the night, and our first day's work was done on schedule time. All were in good condition, thanks to an hour's rest at Exeter, where the Student abandoned his record-breaking attempt. Seventy-two miles without a puncture or accident of any sort with such a collection of relics was wonderful. Too good to last; and it didn't.

After a good night's sleep we said good-bye to our friends and started for

Continued next week.

Alton Bay, where we expected to take the steamer across Lake Winnipesaukee to Centre Harbor. Now the steamer was scheduled to leave at twelve o'clock, and as it was only about twenty-five miles we didn't see any necessity of hurrying, so did not leave Dover until about eight o'clock. Four hours to do twenty-five miles is surely time enough for anyone. But we forgot to reckon in the vagaries of a wheel, which make a bicycle ride so delightfully uncertain, at least as to the ending. Scarcely had the Writer, who as usual was bringing up in the rear, got fairly in motion than he felt that sad-sickening sensation caused by riding on the rim. It was, alas, no new sensation to him, and he knew the cause at once. With a shout of "puncture" to his companions he was off and examining the damage. But it was worse than a puncture, for the cement on the rim had dried, allowing the tire to slip, and the valve stem had been cut off as clean as by a knife.

Now a puncture can usually be mended on the road in such a manner as to allow the rider to proceed to the nearest repair shop, but when a valve stem is cut off it means walk, unless a friendly team comes along and picks one up. After a conference between the heads of the expedition, the Student took the tire and started for the nearest repair shop at Rochester, leaving the Farmer and the Writer to plod along through six miles of sand which came up to their ankles. But before they reached their goal a horse and buggy came along, the driver proved obliging, and the town was soon reached.

Repairs having been quickly attended to a fresh start was made, with Farmington as the objective point. But the fates were surely perverse that morning, for we were directed the wrong way, and after climbing a long hill found ourselves farther away from our destination than when we left Rochester. To the right stretched a road which looked as if it might be down hill, and a sign-board informed us it was seven miles to Farmington. In just one hour a train would stop there on the way to Alton Bay, and if we caught that we could get the noon boat. Now seven miles an hour is not very fast riding on a good road, but the one before us did not look very inviting and we all realized that it was a forlorn hope; but away we rode into the unknown. Oh! if we only had known!

For a short distance all went well, and we might not have had any trouble if the good citizens of the district had not chosen that particular piece of road to work out their taxes upon. They had carefully dug out the gutters and heaped all of the soil thus obtained into the middle of the road to the depth of a foot or two, and had then left it to be rolled into shape by passing teams. Of course on such a road riding was almost impossible, and had it not been down hill we would have been forced to walk all of the way. Finally we reached a portion of the road which had thus far escaped the repairing forces, and striking the turnpike reached Farmington at noon.

After a good dinner we felt much better and were ready for a hard struggle, if necessary, on the road to Alton Bay, which we had been told was bad and very hilly. But we were agreeably disappointed as the twelve-mile ride proved one of the pleasantest of the trip, there being a good hard road, leading for the most part through shady woods.

We arrived in Alton Bay in plenty of time to take the steamer Mount Washington on her afternoon trip.

Of the sail across Lake Winnipesaukee one can only say that it was most beautiful, the deep blue of the water contrasting delightfully with the delicate green of the many islands dotted here and there over its surface. When about half way across a thunder storm came up from the northern part of the lake, and the whole sky was soon overcast. After a smart rain the clouds cleared away just as the boat touched the landing at Centre Harbor. As there yet remained about half an hour of daylight we decided to push on to Moultonboro, a little town about five miles from Centre Harbor. We had been informed by a passenger on the boat that it was a good road, but it proved otherwise owing perhaps, however, to the heavy thunder storm which left it a regular mud hole.

Continued next week.

A GOOD STARTER.

When a new paper was spoken of a year or more ago it was thought impossible, owing to several objective points, to start one and make it a success. The subject was discussed from every standpoint, and finally we decided to start and we did. The first week we gratuitously distributed 2,500 copies of the Enterprise about town, putting one in each home.

Last week we printed and sold over

A Few of the Reasons Why You should Trade with Perfam:

1ST. BEST STORE IN TOWN.
2ND. MOST CONVENIENT IN TOWN.
3RD. PERFECT STOCKING IN PARTICULAR.
4TH. A LADY OR CHILD IS SURE OF GETTING COURTEOUS TREATMENT EVERY TIME, AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, NONE BUT REGISTERED DRUGGISTS EMPLOYED, MAKING IT SURE OF YOUR PRESCRIPTION BEING COMPOUNDED ACCURATELY.

800 copies. This was the first week's issue that was put before the public for sale. It is a beginning of which we are proud and only goes to show the wide field for the enterprise just launched. Daily we are in receipt of words of good cheer and good luck for the paper, they coming from all parts of the town.

Our aim, as we have stated, will be to give the most news for the money, and the people found last week's issue full of it. An impartial, frank and open paper always climbs to the top of the ladder, and we feel we have a good footing on the second rung.

Advertisers want the most for their money. They want to know how much they are getting for it. They have a right to know.

And right here we would say they are getting their money's worth when they advertise in the Enterprise.

We are brand new, and many as yet have not had time to look us over thoroughly. We are going to boom right along simply because we will endeavor to give the most news and everybody's news—to be short, the newest paper in town.

TENDERED A RECEPTION.

On Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crosby on Mystic street, the old family homestead, occurred one of the pleasantest and certainly most enjoyable occasions the old homestead and its host and hostess ever had the pleasure of witnessing. There was a reception tendered to Mr. Wallace and Mr. Guy McKay, formerly of this town, but now prosperous cattle merchants of the far west, and at the same time a family gathering of the Crosby family. From eight to nine o'clock was spent socially, talking of old times and the introduction of Mr. Guy McKay. This proved a pleasant part of the evening to the family and friends, after which Mr. Herbert F. Winn entertained those present with his gramophone selections, which were hugely enjoyed and made a pleasing diversion. After this enjoyable feature the family and friends sat down to a bountiful and well-served supper, provided by Caterer Hardy, the tables being handsomely set with fine cut glass, silverware, and adorned with candleabras, and in all the effect was very pleasing. After supper social conversation was indulged in until late in the evening, the company departing, wishing good will to the host and hostess and Messrs. Guy and Wallace McKay. Mr. Guy McKay is the judge of Hansford County, Texas, and Mr. Wallace McKay is the county clerk, both gentlemen standing high in the esteem of their fellowmen throughout that section. The house was beautifully and artistically decorated for the occasion. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John S. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. J. Howell Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Crosby, Mr. Roland Crosby, Madam McKay, Mr. Wallace McKay, Mr. Guy McKay, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Wood, Mrs. Henry Hornblower, Miss Susie C. Chamberlin, Miss Berta Chamberlin, Miss Mabel Kimball, Miss Bessie Gott, Roscoe Kimball and Herbert Winn.

There is indeed considerable work each morning in cleaning and polishing the alleys since polished alleys became the fad. However the janitor intends below as well as above shall be in perfect order.

Last Tuesday evening the club had a smoker and members and friends were treated to a most enjoyable entertainment, and from the applauding which was indulged in it is certain the gathering was highly pleased. It was the best smoker the club has ever held. Everyone went wild over Mr. Reinewald during his part in "Ten minutes with the minstrels." His jokes were inexpressible, and he was the drawing card of the evening.

Mr. Korman, the bass soloist, called forth rounds of applause, his selections being finely rendered in a clear voice.

Mr. Thrasher rendered a fine tenor solo, and as a whole the club, separately and collectively, did itself proud, and many were the wishes for another entertainment in the future. The attendance was decidedly gratifying to the club members and especially to Mr. Charles H. Carter who had the entertainment in charge, as all know Mr. Carter gets the best talent and then works hard to make the entertainments a success. Following is the full program:

March, "Up the street"	The club
Tenor solo	Selected
Flute Duet	Messrs. Tilton and Lancy
Vocal march	Selected
Bass solo	The club
Descriptive, "Ten Minutes with the Minstrels"	The club
Musical selections	Mr. Lancy
Cornet solo, "Polka de Concert"	The club
Tenor and bass duet, "The Lost Ship"	Messrs. Thrasher and Korman
Descriptive, "A Day at the Circus"	The club
Cornet and trombone duet	Messrs. Rinewald and Lancy
Vocal march	Selected

BOLD ROBBERY.

Wednesday night the stable on the premises of Mr. J. H. Shedd, at 28 Draper avenue, was entered by breaking the glass of a window in the rear. Two sets of single harness valued at \$100 were taken. A team was seen to leave the locality about twelve o'clock and drive rapidly toward Winchester, taking the course down Davis avenue to Mystic street. Acting Chief Hooley telephoned to Woburn to get track of the team, the chief of that city answering that a stable in East Woburn had been broken into and two sets of harness stolen and taken away in a team. Boston and suburbs were notified to be on the lookout. The party that entered Mr. Shedd's stable, without question is the same that entered the stable at East Woburn.

NEW FINNIE BLOCK.

This week the new Finance Club block on Mystic street, near Mass. avenue, was completed, making a decidedly neat and attractive building, and a valuable addition to the business section of the town. The building is two stories high with large plate glass windows, the front being of white buff brick and has a coping of galvanized iron of handsome design. There are two stores, both being of hard pine rubbed down to a dull finish. The larger store has a stairway leading to a large room on the second floor and this is finished in cypress. Hard pine floors cover the entire building. Each store

TO LET. Model homes in Arlington's model apartment house; also 3 room house, modern conveniences, on Moore place. For particulars enquire at suit No. 2, Florence, or of the owner, George D. Moore.

EST

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday, evening at No. 620
Massachusetts Avenue,
ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING CO.,
\$1.00 a year, in advance: Single copies, 2 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
1 inch. 75c. \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50 \$3.00 \$6.00
Additional inches at same ratio

Advertisements placed in the local columns
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Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
etc., 12 1/2 cents per line; nothing taken less
than two lines.

Advertisers are requested to change their
advertisements often—no extra charge—as
more satisfactory results follow.

Saturday, October 15, 1898.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

We are sure that we may approach our readers without hesitancy upon every interest appertaining the welfare of Arlington. As we said in the initial number of the Enterprise, our work shall be first add foremost for the good of this locality. In no instance shall we become blinded by partisan zeal, or so prejudiced by personal ties, as to let slip any opportunity in which we may promote the higher interests of our surroundings. Indeed our entire effort shall be on the side of all that is best for this community. We now have in mind the future growth of Arlington. Our location is all that could be desired. Within speaking distance of Boston, we are necessarily a good deal metropolitan in character. Our public schools compare favorably with those of the city, while our churches are well to the front in point of pastoral ability, and beside they are well up in that theology which is in keeping with the age.

Our business men too have the zeal and push of this later day of the nineteenth century, so there would seem to be nothing wanting for the realization of that successful future for which we are all striving. And yet we sometimes forget that a substantial patronage of all home industries is a fundamental requisite in the upbuilding and fuller development of any locality. The temptation is likely to be found in all suburban retreats to more or less frequently make purchases for the house in the city. With the utmost respect for the fairer sex, we cannot withhold our belief that "shopping" in our larger centers of trade, has become with many of them almost or quite a mania. With a five cent fare to Boston, it is not so great a wonder after all that the good housewife should enjoy an outing so inexpensive with the ultimate object in view of pricing goods, and purchasing at what at first seems, advertised rates marvellously low. But our young ladies and those older grown, should remember that all advertised "bargain days" in the city are never written down on the side of loss by our metropolitan merchants. These "bargain days" are mostly the "catch" held out for country trade. The occasional half fare on the railroad with a luncheon and chromo thrown in, is for the sole purpose of getting the dollar, that one might have more wisely spent at home. In a word, the better plan is always to spend your money in the village where you reside. The home merchant should have the preference in all your purchases. Suppose for a moment that our people were to secure in every instance their supplies for whatever department of life needed from our home trade, what say you would be the immediate effect? The benefit of such patronage would at once be seen in the more rapid growth of every material interest in any way affecting our village. There is really no more reason in going to Boston, for our dry goods and groceries than there would be in going to the city for our religious instruction, or for medical advice and treatment. The merchants of our village have as just a claim upon us as has the clergyman or the physician. And it must be borne in mind, that there is no public enterprise from the evening entertainment up to that which involves a greater expenditure of time and money in aid of which the merchant is not first of all, asked to contribute, and seldom or never does he fail to respond.

Yes, we repeat, patronize most liberally your home trade. Give your "bargain days" to your home merchant.

Spend your money where you reside, and then may you be sure that your home locality will immediately answer back in a substantial way, to a generosity so manifestly just. Arlington deserves much credit for the encouragement and aid she has given on behalf of all that constitutes her present growth. But we may improve upon her past and present, by guarding well her home industries. "Charity," which term means love, "begins at home."

THE RECENT WAR.

The recent war with Spain, though of short duration, has afforded not only this country, but the whole civilized world as well, one of the most effective lessons found in all history. In the first place it has happily re-united the North and the South in bonds that are forever indissoluble. The "bloody shirt" is to be no longer flaunted high in air. The reckoning as a nation is to date from Santiago and San Juan Hill, where the Union soldier and the Confederate stood side by side, and fought for one and the same object. General Joe Wheeler and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in close embrace at Montauk Point well typify the everlasting union that now happily exists in our national life. Then again the recent conflict has shown that war may be waged for

the sole good of humanity. It was not for conquest of territory that shot and shell were sent on their errands of destruction and death. The only object at the start, in spite of what the commission may determine in its deliberations, was to give or render back that individual liberty which is the inalienable right of every man, woman and child. Beside all this, America has proven herself in the eyes of the civilized world, a first-class war power. Our navy through its brilliant achievements has become a recognized power the world over. Our volunteer army, as well as the regular service, has proven itself "worthy of its steel." The war indeed has catalogued our American navy and army as among the most formidable powers in all the wide world, whether in a war defensive or offensive. With North and South as a unit, we can now say to the other nations of the earth, "hands off."

AN HISTORICAL PAST.

An historical past, and by this we mean a past crowded with events that go to make up a history of personal valor and achievements, is sometimes liable to unfavorably modify and limit that far-reaching future which is in keeping for every live locality, and for every live individual. For instance, we know of a village in a state not far remote, where tradition has it, that George Washington once slaked the thirst of his noble steed in a neighboring brook, and where he rested himself for a night in one of the homes in the locality of which we write. This story has been repeated over and over again, and with becoming pride by the villagers; but the village itself has had little or no growth for the past century. We have always thought that Washington's brief stay in the place largely killed out all ambition of the town so far as its future is concerned. A thoroughly live locality, while it will rear monuments to its illustrious dead and place in enduring form their names in history, still such locality will never attempt to live on monuments and history. The past in many respects is a dead issue. It is the now and the tomorrow which most concern every man, woman and child of us. George Washington even, can do us no good only as his memory serves to urge us on to greater and more constant effort. Arlington though rich in her revolutionary valor and experience, must ever remember that the Arlington of the future should excel the Arlington of the past. Our yet unwritten history should surpass the history of a century ago. We cannot safely rest upon the laurels won by the fathers, we must each for himself earn our own spurs or otherwise be content to plod along on foot.

WOULDN'T GIVE A CENT.

We wouldn't give a cent for that man who has no sentiment in his make-up. The man who can see no beauty in a picturesque landscape or water-view, who cares little or nothing for the mountains or the shore, who sees no poetry in a magnificent sunset, who doesn't become more or less inspired by the softened light of the harvest moon, has no claim upon an enthusiastic love. Such a one is a matter-of-fact man they tell us; in short, he is a business man, and has no time to waste upon what he terms the non-essentials. Well, we unfortunately know a few just such men, and we invariably run from them. There is nothing about them that we admire. They are as cold as an iceberg. To approach them is like approaching the icy breath of winter. They are always below the freezing point, and never in a softened melting mood. We have now in mind a business man in whose village we once resided for a brief while, who is as devoid of sentiment as polar bear. And yet he is an unusually successful business man, and by the way an ex-State Senator. Well, it was on one of the most delightful of October days when the foliage was all in color, that we took a walk around his unique and attractive village. So enthusiastic were we over what we saw and felt, that we hurried into the presence of our business friend, exclaiming "why haven't you ever told us of the magnificent and varied scenery with which you are surrounded?" The chilling, cold reply came "why, the place has always been here, and you could have seen it before had you so wished." Imagine the set back we received, after having looked upon a scene no artist however skilled, could have produced. We want but little to do with that individual who does not respond to the beautiful whether in nature or in art. Such a one is blank verse, and poor at that.

DUNCES.

It does not so infrequently happen, as one might at first suppose, that the greatest accredited dunce in school turns out the more practical and successful man after all; and for the reason that the teacher failed to discover in the so-called dunce the undeveloped man. Possibly the instructor of the supposed almost hopeless idiot had been attempting to estimate his intellectual worth by that daily ranking system once so generally used in the schools. The mistake made by a teacher through this system, was found in the fact that his mathematics as applied to the children, wouldn't prove. He often gave zero, or at best a low rank, when subsequently the dull, slow boy went out into the world, and made a brilliant ten.

Many a boy and girl has given the lie in their mature life, to the false reckoning of the school master. It is related of one of our bravest and most heroic generals in the late war, that upon visiting an institution of learning, where formerly he had been a pupil, he asked for the dunce of the school. When pointed out to him he said to the boy "you are filling the position I occupied when a pupil here. Take this little gift that I now present you for keeping my seat warm, for the dunce's block was mine in this school, as it is yours now." One cannot always tell of the future man from the stumbling and hesitant recitation of the boy in school.

When the husband shall be satisfied with one wife, and the wife shall be satisfied with one husband, then there will arise no such scandals as that begotten by the shooting of Saxon by Mrs. George.

SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

Why are not our citizens given employment instead of aliens on our highways?

Why did the Water Commissioners go to Belmont to employ a sub-foreman?

Why did the School Committee award the construction of the Height's school to a Weymouth contractor who would not employ town labor?

Why did the same School Committee award the contract of renovation of the Russell School to a Medford plumber. Were our townsmen given a chance to bid?

Answer the above, you Town Fathers, and let the people know.

Why did the Highway Dept. dump the dirt on Vine street when same had to be immediately removed by Sewer Dept. at a cost of 50 or 60 cents per yard? Does this not show that our departments are in open conflict?

Think these matters over and let us hear from the taxpayers.

Who is there among the citizens that does not say occasionally, the appropriations seem to be excessive for the amount of work performed, and truly so. But let the critic just look the matter over, and consider the manner in which our departmental heads work.

"Apropos" the appearance of the superintendent of streets with all paraphernalia for the construction of a surface drain an ordinary observer might ask what is, this a branch of the Metropolitan sewer? The inquisitive citizen might well ask what does it all mean.

Well, let us explain it for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, or in other words the citizen's taxes are being placed in a sinking fund for the sole object of keeping the ring intact. We ask the town officers in charge of such construction to explain to the people through the new Enterprise, why this waste of money. Have we not a system of surface drainage adequate if so why this cut of ten or twelve feet at the corner of Mystic street and Mass. avenue. It seems to be a clear indication of discontinuation of the old system, thereby saddling the people with the proverbial "millstone." We call upon the people to see to it that the rights of the people must and shall be obeyed. Let us ask ourselves the question, did this proposed extension of elaborate surface drainage come to the notice of the people at the last town meeting or is it purely a scheme to expand the \$22,000, which was appropriated for highways, besides an additional \$6,000 for sidewalks, and under a certain article of the town warrant "the selectmen are empowered to expend such appropriations," and who shall dare to question their right. Now we contend that the people have some rights which if they are not, ought to be observed. The people ought to have been given an opportunity of being heard on the enormous outlay.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

MARRIED.

In Lexington, October 4, by Rev. C. M. Staples, Geo. Lincoln Cutting and Isabella E. Ladd, all of Lexington.

In Lexington, October 4, by Rev. P. J. Kavanaugh, Wm. Henry Son, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Mary Ann Murphy, of Lexington.

DIED.

In Arlington, October 9, Dorothy D., daughter of Andrew F. and Maria J. Robinson, aged 4 mos. 6 days.

In Arlington, October 10, Albert C., son of David J. and Nellie C. Murphy, aged 1 year 8 mos., 22 days.

ORDER YOUR FLOWERS BY

TELEPHONE OF

WHITE & FROST,

POST-OFFICE BLOCK.

Choice cut flowers and potted plants. Funeral designs a specialty. Flower pots and Potting Loam delivered at low prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Telephone number at store 141-2 at Greenhouses, 20-4.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fuss in France over the "Drama Personnel" is getting rather dry. (Dreyfus.)

Don't think that our army officers do not know on which side their bread is buttered.

A singular typographical error twice repeated in the last issue made Oxford read Oxford.

The platform adopted by the Republican convention in New York contains many Platitudes.

The French army is being rapidly depleted by suicide. Absinthe is nearly as fatal in the French army as Algeria is in the American army.

If there be any whitewash left after our army department has been amply supplied, it would be an act of charity to the world at large to send the balance to the war department in France together with a generous supply of deodorizers and disinfectants.

It is known that meteorites travel through space, being unimpeded by any atmosphere, at the enormous speed in some cases of fifty miles a second, more than twice the speed of the earth in its orbit, and more than one hundred times as fast as a bullet when it leaves a modern rifle. Inasmuch as, on an average, about 10,000,000 meteors enter our terrestrial domain every twenty-four hours, it is a fortunate thing that we are protected by the atmosphere from such a bombardment. It is only now and then that one of exceptional size reaches the earth without being burned up.

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The term thunderbolt probably originated in the confounding of lightnings with meteorites in those times which preceded Franklin's classic kite experiment, which demonstrated the identity of lightning and electricity. In a work on "Natural Philosophie reformed by Divine Light" published in London in 1651, the author confidently explains lightning, but withdraws from electricity the dignity of the slightest notice. "Lightning," he says, "is fire kindled within a cloud, which, flying from the contrary cold, breaks out with a horrible noise, and for the most part casts the flames as far as the earth.

Thence it is that a viscous flaming matter is cast forth, which presently inflames whatever it touches, and smiting into the earth it turns to a stone, and being taken out after a time is called a thunderbolt."

When will the denizens of Jason street be treated to the luxury (?) of a paved crossing across the avenue at the foot of this street. A passenger on a rainy day steps from an electric car and finds himself almost inextricably fixed in mud; and, what with passing vehicles and possibly an electric car on the adjoining track sweeping past, and raging torrents, and a roaring cataract fed by numerous and copious tributaries confronting him, if he be not possessed of uncommon mental equilibrium will find himself a fit subject for a madhouse, if perchance he succeeds in reaching terra firma. Come, dear official, during some miniature cloudburst and see whether this statement be overdrawn. Utility should take the precedence of ornamentation. It is to be hoped that the opportunity will not much longer exist of pointing to examples of violation of this precept.

Probably the most exquisitely executed piece of statuary in all New England stands in the corridor of the English High school in Boston. It was purchased in Rome, of the artist Bernini; by Mr. Henry P. Kidder, late of the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., and presented to the school from which he graduated. The statue, in marble, consists of a family group, and represents their flight from an eruption of Vesuvius. The father holds a mantle over the heads and shoulders of his family to protect them from the falling cinders while they hasten from the fiery furnace. This statue commanded the admiration of one of our most cultured townsmen (whose modesty precludes the use of his name) when in 1871 he visited the studio of the artist in Rome. This gentleman was greatly interested a few months ago in visiting the school building and seeing the statue whose acquaintance he had made in sunny Italy twenty-seven years previous.

VERITAS.

D. C. CURRIER.

WATCHMAKER.

Would respectfully inform his old patrons and friends, and the public, that he has resumed his old trade, Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing. Having had many years experience in the business, and for 17 years with Waltham, Elgin and Springfield Watch Factory's, I am competent to do good work at low rates and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work called for and delivered if desired. French and hall clocks a specialty. Work done at my residence.

10 HILLSIDE AVE.,

Arlington Heights. Mass.

See Watch Sign.

Night Lunch

Chas. LaBreck

R. R. Crossing

This space will tell a story

of an Arlington business

firm in next week's issue.

KNOWLES & MARDEN,

PLUMBERS.

Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,

Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings.

483 MASS. AVENUE.

J. W. HARRINGTON,

Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.

Business established about 1858.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agent for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st.

Residence, 51 Lewis ave.

FRANK P. WINN,

DEALER IN

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal.

All kinds of Canned Goods.

Fresh Vegetables each day.

Hampden Cream.

Pleasant Street Market, Arlington.

Litchfield,

Photographer,

655 MASS. AVE., ARLINGTON

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Subscribe for the Enterprise. \$1.00.

Mr. W. P. Yerrington is sinking a driven well on his premises.

S. Stickney & Co. have their hands full in trying to fill orders in their plumbing department.

Mr. William O. Menchin has just completed a new express wagon for Mr. Edwards. It is a good job.

The Y. P. C. U. will have a birthday reception at the Universalist vestry on Wednesday evening, October 19, from 8 to 10 p.m.

Mr. Thomas G. Kaulbeck and wife returned home on Saturday evening after enjoying a pleasant wedding trip through the Provinces.

George W. White has secured the contract to put in the cellar for the new house soon to be erected by Michael Horrigan at the corner of Chestnut and Mystic streets.

The Whist and Bicycle Club did not have their run to Brockton on Sunday as they expected. Instead, about six members went to Nantasket and passed an enjoyable day.

Last Monday evening the general committee of Division 43, A. O. H., met at their hall and made final arrangements for the annual dance to take place on Thanksgiving eve.

The Arlington High school foot-ball team met on Monday and disbanded, there being not enough weight in the team to enter contests. Mr. Jules E. White was elected captain for another year.

Officer Daniel M. Hooley will act as chief of police the next two weeks, in the absence of Chief A. S. Harriman, who has taken a trip to Bangor, Me., to visit his brother who is the state game warden.

Mr. Frank W. Goodrich, since his return from Old Orchard, has rapidly gained in strength. He now begins to feel like himself. The attack of typhoid malaria which he had while on his vacation, kept him confined in bed many weeks.

Mr. Rosie, the new and popular tailor, finds himself full of orders just now. His reputation while in Somerville as being a first-class workman still remains with him, and many are finding his work of superior quality.

Mr. William H. Nolan is confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism, but hopes to be about soon. His attack of rheumatism this season has been unusually severe. His many friends hope to see him out again in perfect health.

George F. Ricker has many testimonials, among them may be found many from Proprietors of the Parker house, Youngs hotel, American house, Revere house, United States hotel, Boston Theatre, and others for thorough and prompt carpet work.

Everyone knows what the Belmont spring water is, that is the reason such large quantities are sold in Arlington, Cambridge, Somerville and Boston. Just try a carboy and see if the difference in the quality of drinking water is not worth the price charged.

Miss Nellie E. Ewart, graduate Boston Cooking School, will receive pupils in cookery at 617 Massachusetts avenue. On Saturday classes for young ladies from 12 to 16 years of age. For information regarding "ladies practice classes" inquire at 617 Massachusetts avenue, Wednesday afternoons.

Mr. W. H. Pattee, who has recently purchased the estate at 21 Jason street, formerly owned by the estate of T. Russell Teel, is making extensive alterations in the same. The northerly corner of the house has been torn out and additions built on to two rooms, which gives a large reception hall and "den," and a spacious piazza.

The Building Fund Association meets as usual next Friday afternoon. The dinner will be served at 12 m., after which the usual game of whist will be played during the afternoon. These dinners have become very popular in this vicinity, many coming from Cambridge, Somerville and Boston to partake of these bountiful repasts, and then spend a highly enjoyable afternoon.

Camp 45, S. of V., will have a smoke talk and clam supper after their regular meeting next Thursday evening. The boys of Battery B from Arlington are invited to participate with the camp in an evening's entertainment. A full attendance of the members is desired at this meeting. Inspection is at hand and a large amount of work yet remains to be done. The old veterans are asked to be with the camp as usual.

On Sunday afternoon Joseph Dinsmore saw a young lad break a pane of glass, push the catch, raise the window and enter the basement of S. Stickney & Co's store. After entering he went up stairs, took a rifle and a box of cartridges, returned below and would have made good his escape had not Mr. Dinsmore taken the young lad of nine years in hand, made him put down the rifle and escorted him home. Some of Arlington's juvenile population lately seem to be up to all kinds of pranks, and it would be a good idea for their fathers and mothers to keep a closer watch lest some day they are brought to grief.

Mrs. E. L. Sterling is at Fall River visiting.

Mr. R. W. Hilliard is in New York city on a business trip.

Mr. E. C. Turner and wife are at Washington for a few weeks.

Miss Fannie Hoitt has been visiting relatives at Rochester, N. H.

Mr. H. D. Dodge and wife are hunting and fishing on the Cape.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Swan returned Saturday from a trip through Canada.

E. N. Blake and wife are at Chicago attending the Peace Convention.

Mr. G. O. Russell, and party, are at home after a trip to the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Allen have returned from a trip through the White Mountains.

Mr. Maxwell Brooks went to Concord last Monday to attend the funeral of the late Sherman Hoar.

Mr. J. A. Bailey, Jr. and Selectman E. S. Farmer are in the Maine woods for a day's sport.

Mrs. W. F. Fay, of Nantucket, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Warren Rawson, on Broadway.

Mrs. W. E. Lull, of Attleboro, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, residing on Russell street.

Mrs. Whitten, formerly of Arlington, but now of Wolfboro, N. H., is the guest of Capt. G. E. Richardson.

Messrs. L. W. Cutting and C. A. Hardy go up to the golf links, which are situated near North Bedford, very often.

Miss M. Adams commenced her duties as soprano in the Prospect street Congregational church, Cambridge, last Sunday.

Subscriptions for the Enterprise should be sent to 620 Mass. avenue and addressed Enterprise Publishing Co.

George F. Ricker of Cambridgeport has cleaned the carpets of the Boston Theatre for twenty years.

Supt. Kimball had a gang of men employed this week putting in a new surface drain pipe from in front of Upham's Market to the junction of the new block on Mystic street. He has also put in four new catch basins at various points on Broadway.

The following officers of the Arlington High School Clarion were elected this week: Editor, Miss Helene Buhler, '99; treasurer, Miss Edith Mann, '99; business manager, Jules E. White, '00; asst. business manager, George F. S. Bartlett, '00.

Class editors: '99, Frank R. Fritzpatrick; '00, David E. Elwell; '01, Philip M. Patterson; '02, Millett A. Lloyd. Owing to an entire new board having to be chosen the Clarion has been delayed, but now that everything is in running order the paper will appear sometime this month. Miss Annie Wood is secretary of the board.

Mr. Ernest B. Brown and family have returned to their home on Central street after a two month's stay at Old Orchard. Mr. Brown has greatly improved in health.

Messrs. N. J. Hardy and J. W. Ronco returned Tuesday from their hunting trip at their camp down in Maine. Both report having had an enjoyable time and were loath to return, but pressure of business compelled it. Mr. Hardy was the lucky one of the party, he having shot two deer and other game, while Joe brought down thirty-two partridges.

The C. L. S. C. will hold their next meeting with Mrs. Gooding, 7 Academy street October 17 at 2:45 p.m. The President earnestly desires a full attendance. Those who are interested in Chataqua work are invited to join in the year's work; there will be an effort made to interest and please both old and new members. There will be elections from English authors.

The Anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. of the Congregational church, will be held next Sunday evening at 6:30 p.m. The usual meeting will take the form of a Rallying service. Special music will be rendered by the double quartette and short talks will be given by representatives from four other societies on committee work. Every one is most cordially invited to come and join in the praise service and enjoy the meeting.

A musical was given by the pupils of Mr. William Bendix at his residence last Thursday evening. An enjoyable feature of the evening was the impromptu participation of several of the guests in the musical and dramatic numbers offered. In addition to several concerted numbers well played by the orchestra, formed entirely of pupils, individual performances were given by Mr. Bendix, Mr. Ivers Wetherbee, Mr. Fred Derby, Mr. William McNeal and Mrs. W. S. Doane. Miss Anna Bates Clark, who was in excellent voice, gave a number of dainty songs that were heartily appreciated, and Miss Robinson added to the success of the occasion by a number of cleverly delivered recitations. Not the least appreciated of the performances was Mrs. William McNeal's clever delineation of negro character. Among those present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. J. Moulton of Haverhill, Mr. Frank Robinson and Miss Robinson of Clinton.

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Dr. Dennett and wife are in Maine for a short time.

The new catalogue is now on sale at the Library.

Don't forget to register at the next session of the registrars.

Mrs. C. W. Schwamb, of 35 Lowell street, with Miss Edith and Master Louis, arrived home last evening after spending three months in Minnesota where they have been visiting friends.

Nineteen new names were added to the voting list on Oct. 11th. The next meeting will be held at Union Hall, Arlington Heights.

The Whist and Bicycle club will take a run to Providence Sunday, weather permitting.

The orchestra of Post 36 contemplate a visit to Post 2 South Boston on Wednesday evening next. A good time is expected.

Mr. Oscar Needham has purchased the meat and provision route of Mr. Frank P. Winn, and will appear each morning ready for business.

The lower section of Gray street has received stone gutters, which will prevent washouts on this street in the future during heavy rains.

Mr. Sherburne will not erect a block on the Merrifield estate at present, but intends making repairs on the old building.

Knowles & Marden are a busy firm at this time. Work seems to never cease coming in. The secret of their success is good work.

Mr. Omar W. Whittemore and Mr. Geo. T. Freeman returned the middle of the week from a hunting trip down at Eastport, Maine. Both had excellent luck and brought home a deer apiece.

Members of the Arlington Woman's club desiring to present candidates for membership, can do so by communicating with Miss Abbie T. Stevens, chairwoman of the Nominating Committee, at 12 Court street.

On Tuesday at 1:30 o'clock Mr. L. G. Trafton reported at the police station the loss of his son Frank H. After a diligent search the boy was found by Officer Smith at 11:30 in the evening and returned to his parents.

Mr. Winthrop Pattee connected with the office of Henry W. Savage reports the local real estate market as unusually active for this season of the year. He has had agreements signed for three transfers during this week, and looks for a good business into the winter.

A young man of good appearance pretending to mend umbrellas, called at Mrs. H. F. Martin's on Addison street, and after receiving one to fix and saying his wagon was on the next street, disappeared. Citizens are cautioned to look out for him. He wore a light overcoat.

The first sociable of the season given by the ladies connected with the Sewing Circle of the Pleasant Street Congregational Church, was held in the vestry of the church last Wednesday evening. A bountiful supper was served by the committee in charge, and after the tables had been cleared away Mr. George H. Rugg introduced Miss Olivia Tolman who gave a finely rendered piano solo as her part of the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Katherine Crafts, soprano of the choir, charmed all by her singing of "A May Morning" and in response to an encore gave "Whenever a Snowflake." Mrs. Wiggin welcomed pastor and friends in behalf of the society in a few well chosen remarks which were feelingly responded to by Mr. Bushnell. The remainder of the evening was spent in general sociability.

At the morning service of the Universalist church Rev. Mr. Fister preached on the "Value of the Sunday School," this was followed by the rallying session of the Sunday school at which there was special singing, and an address by the superintendent, John H. Perry, and Wendall Richardson of Pleasant street. At the morning service the pastor took into the fellowship of the church George D. Rice, the newly appointed chaplain of the 6th Mass. Vol.

Mr. H. W. Berthrong, as spoken of last week having under consideration the appointment extended to him from Washington to take charge of custom matters at Manzanillo, Cuba, has accepted the same and started Sunday for his new duties. Mr. Berthrong's long experience in the custom service is an assurance that his new duties in a new country will be well cared for.

For a long series of years Mr. Berthrong has lived in Arlington, having won a host of friends. His fame as a portrait artist is renowned through all the United States, and his likenesses covers every public man. During each campaign he has been over crowded with orders from all over the country, and wherever the name of Berthrong was spoken of not a question was raised but orders issued. His ability in this line is marvelous, as he can outline and shade a complete picture in forty or fifty minutes. For many years Mr. Berthrong has been in the service of the Boston custom house, through different administrations, and is an expert at appraising customs. His comrades of Post 36 and his friends wish him all the luck in store for him for the future, and their good wishes go with him.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Mrs. H. L. Chadwick is at Hanover, Mass., visiting friends.

Mr. Burt Rankin has moved into his new house on Ashland street.

Mrs. Jernegan has entertained Mr. Schenck of Stockbridge, Vt., this week.

In the absence of Rev. Mr. Stembidge Rev. Mr. Ely will preach for him tomorrow.

Services at Crescent Hall tomorrow will be at 3:30 and 7:30; Sunday school at 2:30.

Mrs. Marion McBride has the domestic service department under her charge at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston.

The Sunshine Club met last Friday afternoon with Mrs. Bixby and spent the time pleasantly playing whist. The club is increasing rapidly.

Station master McKenzie ought to feel proud of his new old station. Certainly the long wait has been worth it for everything looks new and bright.

Mr. Albert McManus has just fitted up a new public carriage for the convenience of the Heights public. It is all right. He will attend to your wants promptly.

Mr. F. V. B. Kern, formerly of the Heights, died at his home in Boston last week. Mr. Kern was one of Arlington's most respected citizens and held many offices of trust while here.

The services at the Park avenue church tomorrow will be at 10:45; Sunday school and Bible class at 12, Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 and evening service at 7:15. Rev. Mr. Ely will preach.

A large amount of building has been going on in this section this fall. Had the war scare put a damper on house construction this part of the town would have been a busy place during the past summer.

On Tuesday the Vine street section of the sewer was commenced. The Heights has been called a hill of springs but judging from the depths the water lies in the trenches, it could be called a hill of rivers. The work is slow and tedious, the removing of heavy boulders being the greatest drawback.

Mr. George W. Kent is just finishing a new house on Lowell street for Mr. Ellis Worthington. He is also having a cellar put in for a new house, to be built by him just above the car station on Mass. avenue, for Mrs. Boles.

At 7:11 o'clock Tuesday morning fire was discovered in the cellar of Mr. Thomas Butler's residence on Park avenue, and with the usual promptness Hose 1 and 2 and the Chemical were upon the scene. Hose 1 was the only one to put a stream of water on the fire, and the Chemical did effective work. The fire originated from hot ashes being thrown in an ash barrel. The partition and floor timbers were badly burned the fire having eaten its way through the first floor, but little damage being done however outside of smoke. The whole amount of damage will not exceed \$200. Again it is proven that our paid department, is money well invested and gives assurance to the citizens of a greater degree of safety. It made the firemen rather shy when the high pressure struck the boards of the coal bin. The high service is not to be fooled with.

A pretty home wedding took place Wednesday at the home of Mr. John Henderson on Appleton street. Mr. John Henderson, Jr. was united in marriage to Miss Ada M. Brenton by Rev. R. E. Elv. A reception was held from 8 to 10 and was participated in by friends from Arlington, Cambridge and Dorchester. The bride was attired in a pretty gown of white muslin with trimmings of lace and ribbon. The decorations were autumn leaves and flowers, the effect being very pleasing. The wedding supper was served about nine o'clock. The couple were the recipients of beautiful wedding presents.

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WOMAN AND FASHION

The New Fabric - A Style
Suits To Women - A
Pretty Hat.

Chenille is the fad of the season and is introduced into all parts of a costume. Trimmings, neck ruches, hats, all are embellished, and in fabrics the same effect is obtained by plush, appearing in spots, stripes, narrow lines, squares and various designs on both silk and wool.

By far the handsomest of the new materials are those in which a little plush appears combined with silk and



MARINE BLUE WITH BLACK SPOTS.
wool. Raised lines and designs and crape fabrics are used for dressy gowns, but there is no end to plainer materials for more severe costumes. Last season a few novelties appeared with tucks woven in, but this season the list has multiplied, and elegant fabrics of silk and wool have a background of wool with silk tucks of various widths running crosswise, for bayadere effects continue the vogue.

The gown illustrated is of marine blue with spots of black plush of irregular size. The skirt has the pointed flounce so popular. The waist is smooth and seamless in the back. The fronts are seamless, with a few gathers at the belt, and opens over a vest of red cloth striped with black velvet. The revers are also of red cloth, with ribbon velvet trimming. The stock collar is of the red cloth.

The colors of the army and navy are much in evidence in fall gowns. Military gray, marine blue and cavalry yellow are used, and red facings are extremely popular.

It Just Suits Tall Women.

The tall woman may rejoice. Even if she towers above most men at a dance and is never given a seat in a car or allowed to sit as anything but Junoesque, she is a far happier creature this autumn than her sister of less ambitious stature. For her dimensions is the newest and smartest of cool weather fashions—the Prince Albert coat. The little woman will be absurd in it and the fat woman will be a butt of ridicule if she attempts to don this garment, but enveloped in its long lines the tall woman will be superb.

It is of Scotch homespun in black, with a tinge of gray, rough and hairy and stylish, or it is in broadcloth, Melton or some other goods, if one prefers, but to be correct it must reach to the knees at least, the skirt part perfectly cut so as to hang smoothly and gracefully without appearing either scant or full. As a matter of fact this skirt is decidedly scant compared to the three-quarter length coat worn a few years ago. The bodice part of the coat fits tightly, and a velvet collar and satin revers give the little manly touches beloved by the tailor made woman. The bodice part finishes at the waist line with a point, and the back has a little pointed tail, making it look quite independent of the long skirt which hangs beneath and gives the garment its extremely stunning effect.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Pretty Hat.

A pretty bit of headgear especially designed for a young woman is shown in the figure. The crown of the hat consists of draped gray and rose velvet



A FANCY IN VELVET.

is finished in front in a large knot of rose velvet, which is caught with a jet buckle. Drooping across the crown of the hat to the back are long, curling white plumes.—New York Telegram

Lisbon has a population today of about 340,000. It has few historic buildings, most of them having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1755.

LEXINGTON.

The great Bazaar at St. Bridget's church opens Monday, October 17, and will continue for two weeks. Rev. Mr. Kavanagh is endeavoring to raise a fund to pay the church debt. Present indications are that he will be able to do so, or partially so at least, as the people seem to take a deep interest in the coming event.

The Historical Society held a meeting in Hancock-Clarke house Tuesday evening. Irving P. Fox read the minutes of the previous meeting. The president, Mr. Nichols, presided. Many gifts were presented to the society, and many relics. Rev. Mr. Staples read a paper on the way the Battle of Lexington was received through England, which was set forth in an interesting manner. Mr. C. F. Carter moved that a tablet be placed in the Hancock-Clarke house to the memory of the man who was ever ready to have justice and right prevail.

Division 34 held its fifth annual ball in Town Hall, last Wednesday evening. The grand march was led by D. F. Murphy and Miss Murphy, and the ball was a brilliant social event. The floor-marshall was Patrick Mansfield; floor director, Mr. David Murphy; assistant floor director, Patrick Rooney. The aids were Michael A. McIntosh, James Geoghegan, John J. Toomey, Charles W. O'Doud, John Ryan, Patrick Stevens, John Devine, William McCann, Michael Hart, James Kenney, Patrick Curtis, Daniel J. Vaughn. The reception committee was Bartholomew Callahan, John McIrny, Joseph Curtis, Thomas Buckley, Edward Montague. The committee of arrangements consisted of David F. Murphy, John DeVine, John Ryan, Michael F. McIntosh, Patrick Rooney.

Comrades of George G. Meade Post entertained members from Post 156 of Essex last Saturday and the visitors had a highly enjoyable time. The elements of the weather did not provide a pleasant day but the comrades were shown about the town in a barge, after partaking of a substantial lunch provided on their arrival. Stops were made at each historic spot. They visited the Hancock-Clarke House and inspected the grounds, and then drove to the residence of Ira F. Burnham on East street. Mr. Burnham is a native of Essex, and the close friendship which exists between the posts is due largely to him. On returning the Town Hall, the old burial ground and the common were visited. The Rev. Mr. Staples addressed the comrades on the common, his listeners giving the closest attention to his able remarks. A substantial supper was served at the post's hall by members of Corps 97, after which a smoke talk was indulged in. The visiting comrades had only words of praise for the Lexington post's hospitality.

BELMONT.

The first grand ball of Belmont Council, K. of C., was held in Town Hall last Friday evening, and was largely attended and a most successful affair. Many Sir Knights and officials of the order in this vicinity attended. The decorations in the hall were very elaborate, comprising an artistic array of bunting, flags and banners, and were set off by a choice display of palms, ferns and flowers.

Grand Knight, Frank F. Doyle, was floor director, assisted by Edward J. Looney assistant floor director, and the aids were Edward J. Kearns, William T. A. Shean, Timothy J. McDermott, William R. Shea, Timothy J. Burke, P. Henry Mead, Edward P. Ahern, R. J. Congdon, Frank J. O'Grady, John Broderick, William J. Whalen, P. H. Maguire, P. T. Shean, Jr., T. F. Rooney, W. F. Shean and Joseph H. McKeon. The committee of arrangements comprised Frank T. Doyle, James Keegan, John F. Leonard, P. J. Shean, J. H. McKeon, Edward J. Looney and Laurance M. Ryan. The reception committee were Martin Troy, A. Grant, D. Ryan, M. Daly, C. A. Bresnan, M. J. Kearns, Ed. Quigley, M. Sweeney and John O'Brien.

Among the prominent guests present were William B. Cashman, of Brighton, past DDSK, Grand Knight John McDonough, of Watertown, Frank Christie, of the Brighton Council, J. H. Stankard, of the Waltham Council, Warden W. J. Gearin, and brothers Garrett Cody, E. J. Purcell, Sylvester Mead, M. Reagan, P. F. O'Neal of the Arlington Council, and many others.

Others present were:

Messrs. D. J. Desmond, W. B. Cashman, Frank Christie, M. Conroy, J. Stankard, J. Farrington, P. J. Kelley, W. J. Gearin, M. A. Desmond, G. Perkins, F. Spencer, Ed. Cooney, O'Connell, Bernard Higgins, P. Tobin, W. P. Whalen, P. T. Shean, J. W. Ryan, Henry Mead, Wm. T. Shean, Jas. Keegan, Daniel Burke, L. M. Ryan, P. Egan, John Mahoney, Harry McKeon, Wm. McKeon, Ed. Ryan, Nat. Carroll, Tom Clunan, P. J. Glason, A. Toomey, Mark Cross, Tom Nally, John McDough, F. J. Purcell, D. Lyons, Jr., M. Reagan, David Clancy, T. Mc. Donough, John Lonergan, Cyrus Brown, Arthur Desmond, Charley Daley, Garrett Sullivan, P. Clunan, T. Burke, Frank Doyle, John F. Leonard, Harry Sander-son, M. Kearns, Ed. Kearns, M. Garney, Ed. Ahern, Frank Carey, Jas. Dunphy, John Gleason, M. Fahey, Wm. Andrews, Richard Conroy, Peter F. O'Neil, Matthew Carroll, E. Shaughnessy, Nate

Lynor, M. Roberts, P. Roberts, Wm. Hess-lie, David Shanahan, John Mulcahy, Joseph Reagan, H. S. Broderick, Garrett Cady, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shean, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Breslin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bacon and Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Shean, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglass; the Misses Mary Heiman, Minnie Brown, Mary Looney, Hannah Looney, Mary Powers, Isabella Brealin, Lizzie Ryan, Jennie Shean Mary Hanley, Nellie Hurley, Rosie Kane, Sadie Mitchell, Ryan, Louise Connors, Kitti Shean, Sally Grady, Jennie Grady, Agnes Grady, Mary Kelley, Katie Burke, Minnie Burke, Alice Doyle, Hannah Doyle, Annie Kearns, Katie Walsh, Mary Shean, Mary Carney, Kate Carney and many others.

WM. ADDISON GREENE, M. D.

647 Mass. Ave., Arlington.

GRADUATE OF
DARTMOUTH '96
HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97.

OFFICE HOURS: 8-10 A.M.; 2-4, 6-8 P.M.

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Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I secure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

CONSOLATION.

Now sleeps the rose, the lily sleeps,
The daisy sleeps; the sky in rain
Upon their graves, despairing, weeps,
Not dreaming they will rise again.

Poor weeping skies, be comforted!
Soon will return the daisy star;
The rose and lily are not dead,
But sleeping where our longings are.

It's but a little weary winter
Of silent cloud and toneless earth
Before the spring shall wake and smile
And bring her pretty babies to birth.

And thou, poor sky, with eye of blue,
Shalt see risen the new flowered year
And drop an April tear or two
For joy once more to find her here.

The happy tears shall gently fall
On all the buds that charm the tree most;
Next spring brings all—or nearly all—
With which last spring was loved and lost.

—E. Nesbit in Literature.

A MAN'S MAKING.

The "judge" paused long enough to change the position of the stick he was whittling, shift the chew of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and then glance around at the two young men sitting on the plank sidewalk on either side of him.

The judge was 60; not fat and 40, but fatter and 60. His six feet of height was burdened with the painful necessity of carrying 300 pounds when he walked and of supporting the same weight when he did not move. The judge supported it usually, and that was the reason his clothes wore out so much more quickly at one certain place than at any other. He went up and out from his feet to his waist, and then up and in from his waist to the top of his head—an hourglass cut in two and put together again with the large ends in the middle. A fringe of long, dirty looking hair showed from under the band of his slouch hat. Through the hole in the top of the hat one caught an occasional glimpse of a bald and shinning spot, the peak of his head trying to get through into the fresh air. But the strength had gone from his hair to his beard, for his whiskers were long and bushy and his mustaches equally so.

Judge spoke, not with a drawl, but with that slow movement peculiar to fat and lazy people. Yet the little gray eyes sparkled all the time, as though they had absorbed all the energy in the man.

"Well, boys, I kept up this lark for about 30 minutes. When I began to talk, the faces of all the company were just normal—what faces of men ought to be when they've had a good dinner and are drinking good liquor and have not had anything to ruffle their tempers. But when I began to launch forth against the colonel the faces changed. I knew there wasn't more than one or two men there who didn't feel just as I did. But the colonel—hu! hu! It was the funniest thing I every saw. He got red, then white, then red again, and kept on changing color this way until I got through my talk. I spoke pretty loud, too, let me tell you, and it wasn't long before every man in the regiment who could was around the tent listening, and everybody in the regiment knew I was blowing up the colonel."

The judge stopped and laughed again.

"There warn't any more speeches after I got through, because the love feast seemed to break up by mutual agreement. Soon as I stopped I saluted, got my hat and went out. The boys met me at the door of the tent, hoisted me up on their shoulders and carried me round the whole camp, shouting and yelling like Sioux Indians. Our next colonel was a good man, and we never had much more trouble, except once or twice with our brigade commander."

"Did you ever see the colonel after that, judge?" Henry asked.

"Y-e-s, I saw him when I came back home, but we warn't very friendly, and pretty soon he moved farther west.

When I came out to Omaha, I ran up against him again. He was one of the big guns of the place, wealthy and respected, and was a good man; seemed to have reformed. He met me down town one day and asked me to come up to his office with him. When we got there, he shut the door, turned around and held out his hand to me saying: "Judge, I want to thank you for that speech you made back in 1862 when I was leaving the army. It was the first time anybody ever spoke so plainly to me. It hurt then, but it did me more good than anything that ever happened to me. I want to thank you for making a decent and respectable man out of a contemptible cur who called himself a gentleman."

"Well, boys, I guess it's about time for supper. Come on, Charlie; there ain't any wood cut, and we want something hot tonight."—Philip Rutherford Keller in Omaha World-Herald.

The Path of the Earth.

The common idea as to the path of the earth being "fixed in space" is taken exception to by astronomers, on the ground that there are few, if any, things in the domain of astronomy that can really be called fixed in space—the fact being that unceasing changes are going on, though these changes are generally so slow as to escape the notice of a superficial observer, but are fortunately periodic, so that they fall within the possibility of computation.

The judge's stick and tobacco needed attention, and he was silent while he looked after them. Then he went on:

"We had a colonel that was the biggest ass I ever saw. He got the office through political friends, and he didn't know B from bull's foot. Our lieutenant colonel was a pretty decent sort of a man, and the two majors were fair. But that colonel! He was so mean that I never saw him, but I didn't want to snatch a gun from one of my men and shoot him. I had enough sense not to say anything, although the colonel did know I didn't like him extra well. Finally I got the chance I had been longing for to tell him what I thought of him. But see here, boys, if you ever get into the army don't you think of doing anything like it? I was young then and a little foolish."

"Did you enlist as a private, judge?" Henry asked.

"No, Hal! I organized a company and was elected captain and held that rank until I got to be judge. You see I came out to Iowa from Ohio when I was quite a kid and had been living there for some time when the war broke out, so everybody knew me, and as I was always a good natured cuss they all seemed to like me."

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"The colonel—I shan't call any names—got us into such a bad fix on the battlefield that he had to resign to keep from being kicked out. And there was a big feast in honor of his departure. Of course it was supposed to have been got up as a token of his under-officers' regard for him. After we had finished eating—it was in the lieutenant colonel's tent—and the whisky and wine and cigars were on the speech-making began. The colonel made a little talk, saying how sorry he was to leave us, and all that sort of thing. Then the lieutenant colonel and the two majors made a little speech. They all said something about the colonel being such a fine man and officer and how sorry they were to see him leave—every bad a d—d lie."

The judge stopped and laughed. His

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laugh wasn't loud, and one could not get the full benefit of it unless one saw him. His whole body shook with the amusement of it, and his features took on such a comical expression that it made one laugh just to see him.

"Theu," he continued, "they called on me for a speech. I didn't want to respond and told them so. They would not rest, and finally I told them I had never made an after dinner speech or a departure speech in my life, and didn't know whether or not I could make one, but that if I did get up I'd say some things I thought, and I didn't care about doing that. But they wouldn't hear of it, so I got up."

The judge stopped again, shut up his knife and took the remains of his stick in his right hand, holding it on a level with his shoulder.

"I began to tell them how long I had known the colonel and what kind of a man I used to think he was before he got his commission as colonel of our regiment. And then I started in. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'if I had known this man was going to have command of my regiment I'd enlisted as a raw private in another one. He's got no more business being in command of men than a yellow cur dog. There's not a man in the army I would rather see kicked out than our colonel. He's the most ornary man, officer or private in the whole army, and it would have been a blessing to every mother's son of us if he'd been killed before we left camp.'

"Well, boys, I kept up this lark for about 30 minutes. When I began to talk, the faces of all the company were just normal—what faces of men ought to be now if you'd enlisted?"</p